Enter Queene, Lord *Riuers and Gray.*

Ri. Haue patience Maddam, thers no doubt his Maiesty,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,
Qu. If hee were dead what would betide of mee ?
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne.
To bee your comforter when hee is gone.
Qu. Oh he is young, and his minority
Is put in the trust of *Richard Gloocester,*
A man that loues not mee, nor none of you.
Ri. It is concluded hee shall bee Protector ?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarry, *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Darby.*
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your Maiesty ioyfull as you haue beene.
Qu. The Countesse *Richmond* good my Lord of *Darby.*
To your good prayers will scarce say, amen :
Yet *Darby,* notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not mee, bee you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancy.
Dar. I beseech you eyther not beleeue.
The enuious slanders of her accusers.
Or if shee bee accused in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sickenesse, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord *Darby* ?
Dar. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I,
Came from visiting his Maiesty.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords ?
Buc. Madam, good hope, his grace speakes chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madam wee did, Hee desires to make at onement
Betwixt the Duke of *Gloocester* and your brothers t
And betwixt them and my Lord *Chamberlaine.*

And

And sent to warne them of
Qu. Would all were w
I feare our happinesse is a
Glo. They doe me wrong
Who are they that comp
That I forsooth am sterne
By holy *Paul* they loue h
That fill his eares with su
Because I cannot flatter a
Smile in mens faces smoot
Ducke with French nods
I must bee held a rankero
Cannot a plaine man liue
But thus in simple truth
By silken slie insinuatin
Ri. To whome in this pr
Glo. To thee that hath
When haue I injured t
Or thee, or thee, or a
A plague vpon you all.
(Whome God preseru
Cannot bee quiet scarce
But you must trouble hi
Qu. Brother of *Gloce*
The King of his owne
And not prouokt by an
Ayming belike at your
Which in your outward
Against my kindred, bro
Makes him to send that
The ground of your ill v
Glo. I cannot tell, th
That *wrens* way prey wh
Since euery iacke becam
There's many a gentle p
Qu. Come, come we k
You enuy mine aduanc
God grant wee neuer
Glo. Meane time, God

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